

GOD THE ARTIST *and Other Poems*



Sammy Oke Akombi

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

God The Artist & Other Poems

Sammy Oke Akombi



Langa Research & Publishing CIG
Mankon, Bamenda

Publisher

Langaa RPCIG

Langaa Research & Publishing Common Initiative Group

P.O. Box 902 Mankon

Bamenda

North West Region

Cameroon

Langaagrp@gmail.com

www.langaa-rpcig.net

Distributed in and outside N. America by African Books Collective

orders@africanbookscollective.com

www.africanbookscollective.com

ISBN: 9956-792-55-1

© Sammy Oke Akombi 2015

DISCLAIMER

All views expressed in this publication are those of the author and do not necessarily reflect the views of Langaa RPCIG.

Table of Contents

Foreword.....	v
God the Artist.....	1
The Written Word.....	2
Silent Scribbles.....	3
Blackness in Darkness.....	4
Magnanimous Mandela.....	6
Winsome Strength.....	7
Ode to a Leader.....	8
Some showers of Peace.....	9
The First Saturday after my Death.....	10
The Second Saturday after my Death.....	12
The Third Saturday after my Death.....	13
Images of a Time.....	15
Casualties.....	18
Cameroon.....	19
Genesis.....	22
I wish I wore your Shoes.....	25
West Cameroon Brother.....	27
It was our Choice.....	28
Guests at Dawn.....	30
Liberty Unveiled.....	31
Era of Demagogues.....	32
Deception.....	33
Cry of Distress.....	34
Bully at his Best.....	35
The Optimist.....	38
Launched into the Labyrinth.....	39
A Million Thanks for Listening.....	40

Bird watching.....	43
It's just too Much.....	45
Lessons from America.....	47
She.....	51
The Pearl Spell.....	53
O! Nigeria.....	55
Black September in the U.S.....	57
Black Saturday at Nsam.....	58
Innocence.....	59
Dry Season.....	60
Season of Green.....	61
A Bush Fire.....	62
Something from Nothing.....	63
A Costly Regal.....	64
'Able' Captain Camara.....	66
Reaganophobia.....	67
The Monster Down South.....	69
Africa Welcomes the World.....	71
The Report Card.....	73
Lessons of Madiba's Demise.....	74
Money.....	75
Stakes of Love.....	77
Man's Body's Sacred.....	78
Forlorn Sparrow.....	80
Kid Brother Ayukepi.....	81
Pushed to the Wall.....	82
For Esong I.....	85
For Esong II.....	88
A Chimpanzee in Tears.....	92
Common Enemy.....	94
To My Brother the Thief.....	96

Forward

The author of this collection of poems, within the Cameroonian landscape of literary creativity, is very well known as a novelist, short story writer, and essayist. What is probably not known about him is the fact that he is equally a poet of very considerable powers. This work, *God the Artist and other poems*, a collection of over fifty poems, justifies that claim. For lovers of poetry, they will find in his collection not only a wide range of themselves/ subjects, but also poems whose style is reminiscent of great poetry in the English Language. The title of this collection requires a special comment.

God the Artist, is the first poem in this collection. It expresses the poet's contemplation over and an admiration of God's creativity, acknowledging human procreation process as God's greatest artistic work. This poem is one of my favourites in the collection. The theme of man's endless and largely unsuccessful attempts to find happiness by trying to ape His master/creator is powerfully and skillfully conveyed by evocative imagery - God the blacksmith or goldsmith working with a furnace, transforming under very high temperatures molten matter into his artifacts, man being the ultimate. This poem like a few others in the collection is concerned with God and expresses a religious sentiment. The poet is not a bigot and there is no suggestion here or anywhere in the book that we are to be presented with a collection of religious poetry.

One interesting thing about this collection is that, it escapes characterization either in terms of its themes/ subjects and their treatment or in terms of its style. In reading

through the work, the reader is deceptively moved to assume with the author many different roles, adopt several perspectives and attitudes, and moods. As regards the roles, for example, in the poem, *The First, second and Third Saturday after my Death*, the poet appears as an uncommitted narrator, naively recounting the sad events from the points of view of the innocent child and the victims of the traffic accidents now lying as corpses in the mortuary. In some of the poems he is a philosopher, questioning the very essence of life. I find the role of the poet as a social critic both interesting and intriguing. Several poems in this collection definitely express the poet's dissatisfaction with the state of affairs in our society, for example, arbitrary arrests and detentions, corrupt practices, abuse of power etc. What is interesting about the poet's social criticism is his gentle attitude toward the object of his criticism/denunciation. The poet might criticize his society for its failings but does so, knowing that he is also part of that society. This attitude of the poet makes a reading of his collection different from *Bate Besong's* collection, *DISGRACE*. In *Disgrace*, the author is also concerned with the failings of society but his attitude is completely different. He is angry and totally disappointed with society, especially people in authority. His intention is to denounce and castigate society. His tone is aggressive and his voice spits out fire. He takes a stance outside society, as if he arrives from Mars. In this collection, the poem, *Casualties*, is one of the poems in which the author expresses his strong criticism of society. The poem is the poet's reflection and recollection of the period the society is passing through, a passage from a period of relative prosperity, happiness and hope to one of uncertainty, anxiety and insecurity, where the concern is with the individual

survival rather than the collective good. The poet's condemnation of the leaders is obvious but as characteristic of him, he does this in a lighthearted way and tagging his criticism at the end as if it were an after-thought:

A reign, a reign that dupes even rain
The very rain that waters its grain

To the reader, what we have tried to do above is to give a foretaste of the sumptuous banquet the author has prepared for us. We have not done justice to it remembering that the taste of the pudding is in the eating, no reviews, no forewords, no introductions or prefaces can replace your actual reading and enjoying of these well written poems.

Chief Professor Samson. N. Abangma
Registrar / Professor of Linguistics & English Language
University of Buea

God The Artist

Inordinate imagination!
Towering creation!
A stupendous void churned and turned concrete.
The loud wailed and got discreet.
And then the ugly and the good
the beautiful and the bad
all shuffled and thrown into a furnace.
An incredible furnace of art.
And then man was made
and made to plunge into the centre.
The centre of the furnace.
He started a search, a toilsome search.
The search for solace.
So he's in continuous apprenticeship to the artist
God the artist
in His eternal creative endeavours.
One of which stands out as tall
as a pinnacle of art:
There's no greater display of art
than when He made the gents' *gens*
fit so cozily in mam's *gens*.
No greater display of art.
I bet, no greater display of art.

The Written Word

The word made the world.
And the written word has sustained
and will forever sustain God's word.
It's sustained the likes of Shakespeare
The likes of Achebe, Bebe, Kafka,
Soyinka, Bate Besong, Moliere
and the like and the like and the like.

The written word is the only means
by which men, and of course women's
minds can clearly be read
The unbreakable mirror of the mind.
The written word that makes the world.

Silent Scribbles

The truth, says the drunkard,
resides in the cup.

The truth, says the soldier
resides in the gun.

But the truth, insists the writer
resides in the pen.

The pen, many would agree,
has far greater might.

Mightier than the cup
and of course the gun.

So, the truth I swear, lies in:

The silent scribbles of a pen.

Blackness in Darkness

Blackness is God's creation
Being the artist He is, He sure knew why.
Like every creation, there's evolution
whose limit must touch the sky.
But ours, the black evolution
has been much marred, marred by
Much dejection and interruption
So, so much interruption and dejection.

Should we then fold up and invade the parks?
The parks of civilization,
thick blankets or duvets under our armpits,
telling everyone who cares to listen,
we're a homeless and hopeless lot
fit for nothing to change the world,
eager to accept the spare coins
that may grudgingly drop out
of both bountiful and spiteful pockets.

No! No! Blackness isn't so much poverty as it's dignity.
It is integrity, morality, and so much respectability,
It's also so much humility that turns around humanity.
Blackness sure has the will, courage and power
to change itself and the whole wide world.

Give the dejections and abject interruptions.
that have kept blackness in darkness, a positive touch.
Let them become the bearers of our torch
a mighty torch that'll lead us through
through and out of the depths of darkness.

In it we've lived for a long, long time.
It's time we got out of it, this time!
Blackness must forge a divorce, divorce from darkness.
to enjoy the light, even if it takes a revolution,
that the creator - God, provides for all creation.

Magnanimous Mandela

From a screen, I watched him emerge
out of Verster premises.
All the eyes in the mammoth crowd widened
And surged for glimpses.
Glimpses of the pedestal
that holds: Nelson Mandela.
My mind slipped into past ages
My fingers flipped through pages,
hoping to find that man, born of woman
who braved the devil's noxious temptation,
for two decades and a half and more
and conquered!
I stumbled on just one: Nelson Mandela.
Magnanimity, thy name is Mandela.

Winsome Strength

What strength!

He's been able to stand erect
in spite of the weight
The crushing weight of problems
of our problem world
resting on his ageing shoulders.

What a man!

Able to man
every single mission
for peace to all troubled spots
of our problem world.
Taunted and sometimes abused
he remained undaunted.
Focused, only on the peace of the world.

What a man!

Who the man?

Only an African
Born an Annan
Called Kofi
though counts not on coffee
for his winsome strength'
to find peace, only peace for the world.

Ode To A Leader

Only the scum and bums believed you'd fallen
No, Gorby you hadn't fallen, you'd risen
Your people have aptly proved it so.
For when a people love their leader,
it's hard to ruin their trust, and even harder
to rub their peace and their pride in mud.
When a people love their leader,
it's hard, so hard to ruin their privileges and rights.
And even harder to have justice denied.
When a people love their leader,
they're wont to sacrifice the sweat of their flesh
and also, the blood in their veins.
When a people love their leader,
their will towers tall against guns and bombs.
When a people love their leader,
there's silence on strangulation, damnation and perdition.
Finally, when a people love their leader,
Coercion is bound to lose itself in a maze of cohesion.

Some Showers Of Peace

A knot tightly tied, one day sure unties
The fate of our world for long remains,
Tightly tied to a stiff, stiff stake.
A stake bearing ruin, blood and thorns.
Too much for Mathias Rust, too much for sane man.

Have the sane, cause today
to heave a glossy sigh?
Now that some showers of peace
promise to bathe the globe:
Washington today receives a Gobatchev.
Even we too, we too in this part of the cusp
are much assured, as today
Yaounde is sizing up bouquets for Badamosi Babangida.

Have the sane, cause today
To heave a glossy sigh?

Yaounde 8/12/'87

The First Saturday After My Death

On the first Saturday after my death
My six-year-old boy
Thirsty for an answer
To the many questions
That boggled his kid mind
Went down his knees in prayer:
Papa God
Nobody has got round
To tell me when my father and my mother
Will arrive with the car,
The car they'd gone for.
They'd call to tell me, they were on the road.
On the road with my aunty.
I was to see them and my aunty
Come back in the glittering car, last Saturday.
And today is another Saturday.
Instead my grandmother has come
Carrying toad-like eyes full of tears.
Many more aunties and many more uncles
Have filled our house.
Everyone with bulging eyes, ready to explode in tears.
When I see their tears, I no longer want
The things that make me want to live
Not even my Fanta, after a wholesome meal.
And my mummy doesn't like it like that.
Please, Papa God, where are they?
Even if they don't bring the car
I want to see them. Them, and my aunty too.
Please, O please send them to me quick.
I don't like to see all these people,

With eyes bulging like those of toads and frogs.
I want to embrace, I want to laugh, I want to smile.
Smile with my daddy, mummy and aunty.

The Second Saturday After My Death

The confusion has only settled to a grave plight, so grave
That no head stood still to deal
With it, such a plight, so grave.
My mortal remains were in the outer chamber of the
morgue.
And so were those of my better half.
As if it wasn't grave enough,
The corpse of my sister-in-law, my son's aunty,
Was also at our side, waiting to thaw.
Three corpses to deal with, and so many questions to
answer.
Our boy needed, so badly, even if it's just an answer.
Two weeks have gone by, with no pleasing morsel
between his jaws.
He's yet to know what happened to his daddy mummy
and aunty.
There has been none with an answer
The only one with one should have been
Papa God Himself, whom he's been taught to respect,
love and count on.
But in this grave plight, he's too little to find Him. He
can't be seen.

The Third Saturday After My Death

On the third Saturday after my death
The nakedness of it all dawned on my six-year-old.
And he couldn't help but speak to himself, indeed, he did:
I'd always known tears to translate my wants.
Now I know they can also translate my sorrows.
No doubt the many bulging eyes like a toad's full of tears.
My daddy mummy and aunty have all been fatal victims.
Victims of that road. That road that rips apart body and
soul.
Robbing the innocent like me, of their spring of
happiness.
I'd seen their faces as they were laid lifeless.
All void of the usual bloom, bustle, grace and smile.
How could they smile, when they'd been mangled.
So badly mangled, I could hardly believe, the faces were
theirs.
Even then, the mangled remains strained before they got
there.
There, where they were buried.
At some points it wasn't a road, it was a mount of rubble.
Churned rubble – mud, pebble, granite and rock
Through which the *biluxes* ached, roared and groaned
As they fought their way to get there.
There, where they were buried.
The coffins, jostled, rattled and even cracked
littering the whole place with splinters and bits and
pieces of glass.
The mourners got muddled, and then shuffled and jerked
violently.

As for the occupants of the coffins, for once ever since, I
was glad
They were spared the pain and the shame.
It seemed a journey of a million miles but alas we got
there.
There, where I saw them dipped back into earth
And covered for good, never to be seen again.
I then realized I too had come there for good, never again
To go back to where I was born, where I knew warmth
and love.
I'd have to be content with a grandma, so broken and so
worn.
Papa God! Please Papa God, forbid that it happens again.
Lest anyone else feel what I feel.

Images Of A Time

Naked women in fervent protest
Big buttocks rolling behind them
As they went by pressing a point.
Ragged students running riot.
Gun-totting soldiers pouring in the street.
Some drunk, some drugged
And some just trigger-bombo.

Jackbooted truncheon-bearing men wreaking havoc.
And grenade-thirsty ones in the alleyways.
Scarified arms, backs, fronts and faces
Even scarified hearts.
Horror-stricken eyes with tears and blood
Intermingling as they ran down sagged cheeks.

The young and the old, the short and the tall
Tearing up one another, letting the pieces fall
Buildings bursting and going up in flames.
Others crumbling and going down in rubbles
And bodies stout and firm
Roasting like fatty beef in a grill.

And there's no remorse, not a pinch of it
In the eyes and faces of the perpetrators.
None! Because timorous cheats had made them taut.
And the gods of evil had plucked their souls.
And made colonies of them – poor human souls.

Corruption, injustice, blatant and foul
Did conjure up this invasion
Invasion of souls – the poor human soul
By alien gods – alien gods of evil.

Children of ages, both reasonable and unreasonable
Peeped out through any openings they're able
To reach for – rotten rafters, cracked walls...
Some were crying out for attention
But who's there for mere pretension.
Father with a slashed nose
Is slowly bleeding towards his end.
Mother's lying prostrate, swooned
Because of the horrors of the time.

The air's foul with smell.
The smell of human flesh and blood.
Bloating bodies embracing swarms of flies.
And they littered every compound
That hitherto bustled with human life.
Charred bodies made the charcoal and ashes of the time.

For the children peering through rafters and cracks
Life is a huge heap of nonsense.
It's so bleak and hopelessly bleak
The derailment had been crushing, so crushing.
Even their doleful voices had been drowned in the brawl.
Their weary eyes got bled by the images – images of a
time.

My God, I guess
This time is a time, in the past tense.
So at least the kids, can make sense
Of the images, images of a time.
A time they can't wait to forget.
So they can pick up the courage
To look forward to, better images-images of a time.

Casualties

No longer do I see potbellies roll away
to gallivant about on street corners.
No longer do I see shined cheeks
smile at giggling flowery faces.
No longer do I see confidence radiate
from the faces of my countrymen.
No longer do I see anyone
offer booze in celebration
of some success. Success!
Success's gone asleep on the lips
of everyone that comes my humble way.

Ours must be on arrival
a thoroughly cursed generation,
Casualties of a damned devious reign
Keen on reigning misery on
both friend and foe.
A reign that dupes its own voice
and crooks the hoe, the very hoe
that tills the deeply endearing soil,
plunging into a sham pool of shame
a nation whose glory remains unsung
A reign, a reign that dupes even rain.
The very rain that waters its grain.

Donala, December 1992

Cameroon

An unusual triangle in the heart of Africa
Wedged between ebullient Nigeria
And the remnants of the crumbled empire of Bokassa.
Other neighbours include: the battle weary Chad,
Happy-go-lucky Gabon and their cousins Equatorial
Guinea.
Africa's soccer darling, before and after
Italia nineteen ninety carnival.

Cameroon

Blessed land, with quite a large body of water
Splashing at its base and yet another at its tip.
The Manyu, Ndian, Shari, Nyong. So'o and Sanaga
The wouri, Logone, Benue and Mungo
Meander, in a dire desire
To nurture life by serving man and plant.
Amongst its many peaks, there's a great grand one
That stands in all majesty above cape Limbo.
Displaying the grandeur that is Cameroon.

Cameroon

Opens out, wide at its luxuriant base
And narrows in at its Sahel tip.
It's Africa's wonderland, having all that obtains
In different parts of the continent.
So a truism it is,
When called: Africa in miniature.
Counts ten score and more cultures
For a bare twelve million people.
The language code can switch with ease

Be it French, English or another.

Cameroon

A part of the world would wish
It was just Cameroon, plain and simple
But another insists on Le Cameroun
An accident turned to reality, which the people
Now embrace and keep like a religion.

Cameroon

When cynics talk, they call it a reference
in the gospel according to bacchus.
There, however, seems a chance, a veritable chance
to belie them- the cynics.
A crisis called economic, has since taken control
and have been on patrol
to ensure a landslide backslide from the baneful gospel.

Cameroon

When the world talks soccer, it talks Brazil
When Africa talks soccer, it talks Cameroon.
And when Brazil talks soccer, it talks Pele
When Cameroon talks soccer, it talks Milla
Soccer gods sure know, where the legends should hail
So it was no omission Albert Roger Milla, should hail
from that unusual triangle – Cameroon.

Cameroon

Has all it takes to make a nation
rich, powerful, proud and
always in constant motion.
Like a spectacle full of emotion

because skill, land and water abound.

Cameroon

Must wake up from slumber
and impregnate its land and water
to bring to fruition
a nation that's neither an omission nor illusion.

Donala , July 1993

Genesis

Long, long before anyone knew,
God had written His will.
A country shall emerge
Out of the ashes of colonialism
And its name shall be called
Cameroon.

So the Portuguese came to trade
and were enchanted by the prawns
they saw in the Wouri
And then in their hurry
to give the place they found a name:
They gave it Cameroes which later grew up
to be Cameroon.

The Portuguese had come along for trade
But Germans came along for good.
Then the scramble for Africa began
winding up in a partition
that gave Cameroon away to them.

They built their plantations
and set up administration
Their culture they brought
Their language they taught
And called the country, Kamerun.

Then came the first world war
which the Germans fought to win
But fate never let them on

They lost the war and lost Kamerun
to the English and the French.

The winners shared their booty into two.
A part for England, a part for France.
So at once Kamerun became Cameroon
And also Le Cameroun.
Their cultures they brought
Their languages they taught.

But as none can put asunder
what God has put together
The two at independence
decided it was immense
pride to reunify.
And so decided to defy
all odds to stand again, as one nation.

The nation has been bathed in peace
so it has moved on thorns with ease.
We might not have life abundant
but we've got food abundant.
Being a bread basket for many
in its surroundings.
It keeps its place in Africa.
It keeps its pace in the roles it plays.

.
Many more will come and go
And Cameroon forever stays
One big proud nation
That counts so much on things
always getting better

for the betterment of a virile nation.

Yaounde, November 1995

I Wish I Wore Your Shoes

A

I wish I wore your shoes.
They're absolute dust jackets for your toes
And they fit just right.
Looking quite creamy white.
Look! They glitter under the rays of the sun.
I dote on the gloss and fragrance of your skin.
It mirrors; you dine well and drink well.
At table your food is served course after course.
First course, and then second and third in a meal.
You eat omelette, spaghetti, steak, green beans...
You sleep on a bed with immaculate white sheets,
in a cozy room with flowery curtains.
A radio set at the head of your bed
And a TV set at the foot, also a computer at the side.
How I wish I wore your shoes.

B

How I wish I wore your shoes.
They expose and relax your toes.
You walk freely in mud and dust,
Having no fear they'll pick up dirt.
You can wear them even when there's rain.
Thus, you're no prisoner of restriction.
At table you're tied to no rituals and courses.
You crack the bones of chicken
and suck out the marrow as you feel.
You swallow your 'fufu' until you're bellyful,
not expecting any desserts to crown the meal.
I tell you, my mom and pop are so keen

on some magic of a thing they call honey,
that flows out of hives in their farm.

How I really wish I wore your shoes

A

You wish you wore my shoes!

I wish you'd never try it,

To keep out of the headache I've got

B

Your headache can't be keener than mine.

My headache is a headache of a kind.

I honestly wish I wore your shoes.

West Cameroon Brother

My West Cameroon brother
In a dark khaki suit and a red beret
Who feigns not to understand what I say
because I say it not in French.
Sorry, I speak some French
But I'll say nothing
in that language.
For I know you're just feigning.

Look brother, look!
A black man
no matter how much metamorphosis
he's undergone
never is denuded of his blackness.
So my West Cameroon brother
no matter how much metamorphosis
you might have undergone,
You've got no right, to let anyone
denude you, of your culture.

Victoria, June 1978

It Was Our Choice

It was our choice, our glowing choice.
Be it a leap in the dark
Be it a leap into the ark
It was our choice, our glowing choice
to defy the odds and reunify
with our kith and kin whom
together we had succumbed to the whip.
The malicious German whip.
Together we had bowed to the effigy
The effigy of the Kaiser.
Together we'd been taught to greet in German.
Together we'd watched Germans choose
the choicest of mother earth's places – Buea
and made it the place to be – in Kamerun.

It was our choice, our glowing choice.
Be it a leap in the dark
Be it a leap into the ark
It was our choice, our glowing choice
to reunify and identify
with our kith and kin
who had been taught to speak French.
We had been taught to speak English.
The blend has made us specify and modify
huge issues to magnify and edify
an image, our image.
Fifty years have quietly gone by
and together we've made things happen
Happen in our cherished nation - Cameroon.

So, our choice, the glowing choice we'd made
hadn't been a leap in the dark.
It was, in fact, a leap into an alluring ark,
reinforcing our oneness - one people, one nation.

Buea, 11th February 2011

Guests At Dawn

It was a usual Thursday
My mind was getting set for the drudgery of the day.
Then an eerie cry of a child downstairs
Came ringing in my ears.

Papa, papa, ne va pas.

Ne va pas avec eux.

Before I could come to terms
With what the matter was downstairs
Footsteps were trudging upwards.
As I paid attention to the trudging steps.
Big bangs invaded my door.
Frightened kids kept to their room.
My shivering wife urged me not to open.
But the bangs were loud and deafening.
I couldn't help but open.
Four heavy booted policemen immediately stepped in.
"Police control" they thundered.
"You mean police check, please" I said politely.
"Police control" they insisted.
"Search warrant then, sirs".
"Are you of this land? Ask that again
And you'd swallow the teeth in your mouth".
"In that case sirs, I'd rather the teeth stay where they are".

The apartment was turned inside out.
My wife and kids watching in despair.
Satisfied, they asked me to pick up my I.D and follow.
"How about going to work?" I dared asked.
"When we are at work, no other work matters,"
they said with so, so much conviction.

Liberty Unveiled

Showers poured on them, coerced Cameroonians
In the northwest town of Bamenda.
They poured and then poured into the streets.
Delighted they'd found their voices
After decades of dumbness.
The voices burst out in a shrill:
Our freedom, freedom, freedom!
Or we choke and choke and die.

Bazookas, bayonets and bullets
Stealthily found their way among them.
And a spring of blood sprang alight.
Six souls fell, giving up the ghost against their will.
Thousands others drenched in sweat and blood
Left for home to nurse, their bruises and their wounds.

When the dead had been buried
And the tears had been dried
The people were amazed
Their voices were yet not lost.
They cried out to ascertain they're in fact
intact. The voices were intact.
Thus, in our country, liberty was unveiled.
Its showers still pour down on us all
Like corn flour from the open mouth of a mill.

Era Of Demagogues

How I hate to count my days
each time a new day dawns.
I'd rather make each day count
But as each day dawns
My fingers tremble, my lips tremble
Counting my days.

Counting my days, I tremble to count each day
In spite of myself, in spite of my will
I tremble to count them for I'm ruffled,
Rifled and stifled, and hear but swill,
Swill all over the place, each time a demagogue
Opens wide their mouth.

I hate to count my days
Each time a new day dawns
But I can't, O I can't make them count
Because I live in a sad era
an era where only demagogues count.

Deception

*While the showers of liberty still poured on us all
tyrants whom by mischance ruled us all
Came to grips with a stark reality:
a desperate call for democracy.
A call they couldn't help but answer.
In poverty or in wealth, democracy cleans the wall.*

*These tyrants in a bid to keep their grip
had agreed to the terms in place.
But soon made a demon of it – democracy.
Incumbents know in advance how the goals
would be scored.
So they always made it seem plausible
their way to the keys of power – demoncrazy.*

Cry Of Distress

In hordes of years gone by
No country other than mine
had really caught my envy.
I've had love, I've had joy
And above all, I've had peace.

Today, I worry at the flurry
I worry, really worry at the flurry
about my country, my beautiful country
for love, joy and peace
are slipping by in much haste.

In the wake of liberty
my country folk had dared
to open their mouths too wide:
Let's talk national
in a national conference.

Since the voicing of this request
an innocuous request,
even suckling babies
have known no love, no joy
nor the ease of peace.

There've been killings and still there are.
There've been battering, and still there is.
There've been burnings and still there are.
People are day by day, having their
Bodies and of course their souls emptied of morale.

Amidst these odds, the shepherds
Seem to go dumb. Seem to go blind.
They get into a kind of jingoism
Once in the safety of their homes.
And don't care less at others' smouldering homes.

Bully at His Best

Never have a people hungered for words.
Words from the soothing lips of their leader.
They were all hope and optimism.
For the preceding days had seen them
through harassment, deprivation, arson and murder.

Never have I seen, an entire nation
Come to a halt, just to listen
to their leader talk.
Expectations ran riot in view
of the assurances, the leader would give.

But the people, bruised and jaded
got but bullshit from the harsh lips of their leader:
My faithful subjects, faithful as always,
so far, my struggles to revive the economy
haven't started their fruitful yields yet.
In fact, the worst is yet to come.
It's already on its way, creeping steadily along.
The entire world economy is crumbling
so too are we crumbling along.
Therefore your belts, your belts I tell you
should be tightened, further.

I have for a pretty time been the object
at which all rotten eggs are thrown:
Gossip and despicable insults
all in the name of a nonsensical request.
Even my family and close collaborators have
had these rotten eggs thrown at.

I tell you, leave them out of this.
Is it democracy, when I give you
a mouth and you open it too wide?
Is it democracy when I give you teeth
and you bite and wound your own tongue?
Is it democracy when I give you
a stick of match and you strike it
to put your house aflame?
Is it democracy when I give you
my keys and you use them
to despicably invade my privacy?

I must tell you, and will keep telling you
democracy isn't putting me under any kind of pressure.
Democracy is watching me in peace and reverence,
do the things I've got to do at my own pace,
in my own way, and at the time I think is better.
My time, I must tell you, is God's time - period.

The Optimist

Sometime ago, in nineteen ninety-one
In the place where I had the grace to be born,
It was a long odd year.
The human brain took refuge in the anus
Whilst the anus took refuge in the skull.
Consequence: a whittling nation
in a whirlwind of confusion.

Nineteen ninety –two
Do we stand a chance, even a murky chance,
The anus will quit the skull
To let the brain, take up once more
Its avowed place and worthy function?
Consequence: a hopeful nation
back on the wheels of action.

Postscript: a score and one year have gone by
Yet to get on the wheel of action.
Thanks anyway, it's still a nation, our nation.

Launched Into The Labyrinth

I sat in the crowd watching tense
The performance of intellectuals
As they used words to polish words.
I simply moaned, at a point.
Thank God. All isn't lost yet.
Our country is still quite hot.

Then I listened to the brevity of the one
Who had just given birth to *Disgrace*
I'd rather it was Grace.
Yet I yearned that his life
Won't be as brief
as the brevity of his brief.

But the very next day
In the wee hours of that day.
It was all over the place. He's gone.
Launched into a labyrinth of the unknown.
No more tumultuous ululations of BB, BB.
Never again shall a BB book launch be.
Thank God he's already got many on the hook.

BB's so spectacular, he couldn't do it alone.
How could he? Such an artistic don.
Hilarious, hilariously escorted him.
And Kwasen too, artfully did the same.
An able driver they had with them.
To drive them through the labyrinth of the unknown.

A Million Thanks For Listening

How much time before the next bus?

“Twelve minutes I suppose”

We won’t wait long then.

Look! You see, you see those hedges over there?

“Yes, I do. I think they enclose the graveyard.”

There lies the other part of me.

It sought refuge there, not quite twelve months.

It was unfair. That was unfair.

I spoke to him at six minutes to twelve

And at six minutes past , he was gone.

It wasn’t anything to believe, when I found him

Stiff and cold.

Stiff and cold he was and I was oddly alone

I garnered all that was left in me

To shake off the stiff coldness in him.

But nothing triggered to pay me back my effort.

So I turned to frantic phone calls.

And today, I stand here and see there

There at that place , that place

The graveyard, you just called it

He was dipped away, dipped deep down

Not quite twelve months.

It was unfair. That was unfair.

Six times twelve years of partnership

Six times twelve years of common courtship

Six times twelve years of shared fortunes

Six times twelve years of shared misfortunes

Six times twelve years of shared anxieties
Six times twelve years of a shared dread
Six times twelve years of a shared bed.
Now my light has fused into darkness
And emptiness has given me a hand of friendship.

My heart starts breaking each time I stand here
And my eyes take me over there
To those hedges that enclose the graveyard.
It was unfair. That was unfair.

“How old was he?”

Ninety-six.

“Ninety-six! Far beyond the biblical six score and ten.”

Yes beyond but you needed to see him.

Still strong and full of dreams.

“It’s a pity, you’re left to bask, nay freeze in the coldness
of life.

With no quilt to spare you some warmth”.

What can I do but gather the remnants

Of my pierced heart and do him honour.

His grave deserves a tombstone,

On which an epitaph should attract every passing eye.

Here lies the other part of a woman’s breath.

Gladly shared everything but death

Which isn’t fair. Not fair.

Quite true. Even true , through and through.

Sharing breath, and not sharing death

Is cruelly unfair.

And the creatures that prowl and crawl this earth

Make things more cruel and unfair.

They make the cruelty of the act
Sting like an angry wasp.
Hardly any words of cheer for the dispirited.
Nor consideration for the disabled and the aged.
Not even a silent moment for the desolate.
Nor a glass of water for the thirst-stricken.

Here, here we are. The bus is here.
“Thanks, thanks a million. Thanks for listening”.

Coventry, UK May 1990

Bird Watching

Such a glorious hobby that always is in boom
When vibrant trees are in gigantic bloom
None needed to lobby to get its fans.
I was one of such lofty fans.
For I saw in it nature in full bloom.
The birds flying and perching in reckless abandon
The trees luring in reckless abundance.
Such a joy to watch and share the exuberance.

For some time I've been away from the exuberance
I hungered so much and only dined with perseverance.
One day, at the sight of trees in the horizon
on my fleeting feet I stayed,
bird watching from a window
on the tenth floor of Sheraton at Clayton.

It took me two hours
To know I was in the wrong place.
As I hate to waste precious time
I cashed in for other things:
Sunset was artfully marvelous,
Seeing the entire sky turn gold.
By and by the sun slowly faded,
Timidly disappearing behind tall trees.

Soon after darkness set in, street lights
Sprouted like mushrooms, to save the city a blackout.
My view went past the towers
And landed on a nearby highway
Where lights were speaking threateningly.

They spoke a language that only had three words:
Green, red and amber.

The city was still in motion
Gathering speed until the motion went a blast.
My bird watching turned head watching.
Heads carrying, blonde, dark, red and even blue hair.
Others carrying caps, scarves and hats.
Interesting, this lot shall come to pass
and another lot shall take the queue.
It went on into the night until two words
dropped off the language of the lights.
And my eyes told me the watching was enough.
My tired feet concurred.

St. Louis, Missouri, USA November 2004.

It's Just Too Much

It's just too much for a single generation
To enjoy so much veneration
In reliving a John the Baptist
Heralding the coming of a Jesus Christ,
Who indeed has come to fulfill his pact
Behold, this time, the protagonists are black.

It's just too much for a single generation
To enjoy the luxury of living a Mandela era,
Seeing probity and nobility work wonders
for the blacks and whites of a nation.
Also a grey-haired Annan era, in which there was
So much shuttling out of breath, throughout
The length and breadth of this wide world, in a bid
to troubleshoot and bring about peace to each a nation.
Behold, this time, the propellers of the eras were black.

It's just too much for a single generation
To wake up one fine morning and watch live
The devil in man, make him use man-made wonder
To cripple a skyscraper- another great wonder,
squeezing out of thousands of his kind, the gift of life.
Behold, the victims were both whites and blacks.

It's just too much for a single generation
For millions of millions of pairs of eyes
In their different corners
Watch live a man-made giant of a bird
Get so distressed by a God-made bird
That it nose-dived into an open-mouth river.

All aboard the giant bird, who were feared dead
came out with their breaths intact – such a wonder.
Behold the survivors were whites and blacks.

It's just too much for a single generation
To enjoy so much veneration
In watching with amazing adoration
the crowning of a president.
A president from whom so much expectation's rife.
The world in all its corners think he's the life
The kind of life that makes sense to mankind.
And Behold! This crowned prince is black.

Yes, it is. It's just too much for a single generation.
A generation which we each have the privilege to be a
dweller.
Like the wise from the east, we can't ask for anything
better.

Lessons from America

Lesson one

Two of their best minds are slugging it out
As they yearn for the most exalted seat.
The two parties got out of the primaries
without a broken tooth, nor a battered face.
Money for their deeds, they didn't fetch from the state
pond.
Nor did a state Minister stop work for the campaign trail.
Nor did anyone find a stray state car on the trail.

A black boy with white tint
Who once smoked *ganja* in a back street
has been accorded acclaim and inspiration
by blacks and whites alike.
The poor and the rich alike
with no-one, shouting out: how dare you! How dare you!
He's disbanded and banished the clannish bar, nay the
colour bar.

Let's watch out for what November shall fetch.
Already, it stands out clear: the wretched can be much
fetched.

Lesson two

Politics is only a game, no huger than football.
It can be fierce and brutal but rarely fatal.
Losers dolefully lick their wounds
And like humbled dogs,
Lower their tails between their hind limbs
As they watch the winners run riot in celebration.

Change is such a vital element for virility.
And so, there are a mighty lot who yearn for it.
It doesn't matter who and what brings it.
It could come even from a most unlikely bit.
Keep then, your heads, hearts and eyes open for change.
Booker Washington, Du Bois, Malcolm x, Marcus Garvey
Rosa Parks, Martin Luther King, Louis Armstrong, James
Brown
Langston Hughes, Ralph Ellison et al are smiling in their
every corner
Waving and saying it loud: GIG! GIG! God is Great!
Alas, alas!
The invisible man has become visible.

Lesson three

Voters greatly feel they count as their votes are counted
They watch the counters do their jobs feeling well trusted.
Then it takes hours and not days to get the verdict out.
Defeat is conceded without resort to arms, crime and
courts
And victory is so sweetly accepted with exceptional
humility.
All seem to clearly say: It is the country first.

Democracy is no demon when practised in fairness
It strangulates the apathy in minds
and stimulates the prodigious hope in them.
Making them burn for love, for their country
So we saw amongst the youth, American youth
Who had been dying for change.
And change they got on the altar of democracy.
All hands are on deck, to row and not rock the boat.

Every great mind is called upon to give their bit,
caring not who the victor was or the vanquished.
The Key protagonists of the political saga, sit side by side
Mapping out a way for ward for a country
They both love so much.
So indeed, for they each shall quit the scene.
Their country never shall. Indeed Country First.

Lesson Four

It was a country in ecstasy that I saw in America.
Never have I witnessed such unanimity
in an expression of magnanimity.
It was so chivalrous as an entire world stood still
to watch a dream come through.
For once in a life time man has evinced oneness.
An indication that he's always yearned for the one
Who'd trigger in him that virtue.
The all exalting virtue of oneness.

Democracy has done great in America.
It has pulled out a source of inspiration
That a country needs when spirits are down.
It has given them the kind of leadership
that occupants of a ship in distress would love to have.
America has pulled up shoulder high to face the odds.
And the rest of the world is happy for them.
There's no fear! There can't be any when hope
dominates.
Change has brought that hope.
Great lessons from great America.

Lesson Five

America's just gathered much momentum
From a momentous event on the altar of Washington
mall.

Millions braved the bitter winter to be part of it all.
And even greater millions, the world over, watched it live.
Some let loose themselves and were betrayed by their
tears.

Others held their breaths to allay their fears.
The world and America were unanimous
It was an extremely great height of democracy
Making it a huge shame for demagoguery
They applauded, ululated and even fainted in celebration.
They were right, very right to celebrate an era in motion.

And then the walk, the majestic walk to the white house.
They walked amidst the crowd rather than ride on a white
horse.

Exuding so much assurance, radiating so much
confidence

That the vicious, simply dropped their guns
and wearily walked away in shame.

All and sundry who lined the snowy pavements
Surged and surged forward for the genuine handshake.
And thank God, that handshake they were gloriously
obliged.

She

She
Is
The most wonderful
Creature
That creation
Has created
And placed to plod on
The surface of mother earth.

She
Is
Not only the roses
But also
The catharsis
And
The very spring of life

Yet
She stands accused
Of lots and lots of faults:
Frailty
Perfidy
Adultery
And finally the fall of man

So
On her head
Is placed a crown
Despicable crown
With piercing prongs that hurt bad

She turns to man for help
Sometimes it comes, sometimes it doesn't

But
Like every messiah
She's bound
Firmly bound
To suffering and enduring
In order for mother earth to stay afloat.

The Pearl Spell

Steinbeck's Kino lived in consummate harmony
afore he dived out the pearl that ruined his family
A land east of Africa was dubbed the pearl
By a Briton called Winston. Since then all
of Africa boosted it as her jewel.
Like Kino's pearl denied him peace
This land with keenness denudes its dwellers of ease.

The spiral of unease surged in the virgin rule of a Milton
Who smelt plenty of rats in a kabaka. Hence befriended a
baton
To cover his folk and ease his throne.
Hoisted with own petard, an Idi took Milton over.
The folk hurrahed, at last some easement in view.
But no, non was nigh. Terror! Terror rather terror
Was the dish the people got served by Idi.

Milton flexed! Flexed muscles and fought
aided by friends and foe. Got back the throne he thought
Was his by right. Again he sat on it.
The folk felt, he'd learnt from Idi's hotch potch.
But he grew more hoodlum than the hoodlum his mum
did hatch.
Where Idi maimed he murdered, and where Idi murdered
he massacred.
Such is the plight of the land of the pearl. The pearl spell
indeed.

An Okello has come rumbling in.
Any chance peace for his folk he'll bring?
There's a yearning for the pearl to fit the pearl.

O! Nigeria

O! Nigeria, Africa's husky conundrum.
Fought a bloody civil war of doom
Just for greed, corruption and nepotism.

Killed a very fine soldier on a bloody Friday noon.
For fear he would bring about a new moon.

Drugged a big, big man and crated him up
Despite the watchful eye of Scotland yard.

Got rid of a very distinguished man with a pen of gold
By simply handing him a letter sealed with a bomb.

Silenced a multi-billion business magnate
For daring to get himself elected president.

Destroyed many a well-meaning nationalist
For expressing views that were viewed in bad taste.

Went into small and large scale kidnapping for ransom
Misleading into the creation of Boko Haram.

Boko Haram! A hazard for many a neighbourhood:
Maiming and murdering men, women and even children
With machetes, clubs, guns, grenades and bombs.
All in the name of Allah – our Almighty God.

Then lately, as the world wondered at what happened to
over 200
occupants of a Malaysian Airlines flight MH370

Boko Haram harassed and ‘*haramed*’ Chibok, abducting over 200 vulnerable secondary school girls, holding them hostage. Which act amounts to taking an entire democracy hostage.

And now the nation, Africa and the world want their girls back.

They want them back in good state, with none having a backache.

I see them, I see Nigeria, O! Nigeria, Africa’s husky conundrum.

Going far, to create a hurricane Katrina a typhoon and a snow-storm.

Oke Akombi, 22/05/2014

Black September In The U.S.

Hatred got hold of the hearts of some humans
And they chose a horrible path of death
for themselves and for thousands others.
Thousands others who had no pressing business with
death.
Rather they had much business to ditch poverty.
O! Where's the love? The love that made
God Almighty create man. The love that made
God make man lord and governor of all that's this world.
Where's the love that sinks mountains
That breaks rocks apiece
That has reduced an entire planet
to only a comet.
Where's the love that's crushed the lethal war
Between capitalism and communism
Bringing down and turning into rubble the Berlin wall.
Where's the love that sinks differences
between nations, between religions and races.
Where's the love that swallows Semitism, Zionism,
Arabism
and many other isms that ache the world.
Man is born to love and not to hate
for love cleanses where hatred messes.
O! Where's it? That love that our world so badly needs
for man is born to love and not to hate.

Black Saturday At Nsam

One time too many, our nation
Went for her mourning garment
Jumped into it and stooped to mourn.
To mourn her seed, caught in an inferno.

It was on a Saturday, a black Saturday
Like the ageless scriptures say
An inferno will consume the condemned.
As if to get these words fulfilled
The inferno like a hungry hawk swooped
Over Nsam and consumed the condemned.

They had been condemned. Condemned by their sins-
The awful sins of poverty.
From these sins they were striving for repentance.
Too late they couldn't have the luck, the luck to repent.
The gruesome inferno swept each one off their feet
Skinned them, roasted them and charred them.

Kindred, their kindred watched in horror
But none could deal the inferno a deadly blow
They rather took its blows, its ghastly blows
While questioning with their tearful eyes
Shall repentance ever come?
Repentance from the awful sins of poverty.

Innocence

In the little corner,
Where I was born, in the heart of Africa
Nothing, nothing, nothing good is said of a snake.
When you see it, kill it before it bruises your heel.
Be it small, be it medium or be it big and long.
It's such a big, big bigger danger.

There was this day,
I was looking, desperately for my one-year-old,
adventurous little boy.
I went round, round and round the yard
But I couldn't find him.
I called out loud, loud and loud
but I couldn't hear him.

So I went out, out of the yard, down a brook
And there he was, quietly playing
with none other toy, than a snake.
My God, what a sight: the head of a snake
snaking in my boy's hand.
I was stunned, so stunned, I couldn't shout.
I got into a shock and then into a trance.

By the time I recovered, my boy was by me.
And his toy – the snake, had gone
I looked at my boy and I wasn't sure of him.
He must have been filled with venom
And any minute, off his chest, his heart will fly.
But I've since waited, even for years, he's yet to die.

Dry Season

Ha! How the green is browned by the sun
When sprinkles cease to sprinkle
The browning green plead with parched throats
as the fires rush in with a relish
licking them up, with huge anxious tongues.
Rats and rabbits are smoked out of their hearths.
Helter-skelter they run for fresh ones
which stand out well for strangeness.
Strange like the bowels of men.

Good for cows and sheep that never cease
to thirst for green.
They're garnered and guided down to the vales
Lucky fellahs they are: blessed with care
for the care of the bowels of men.

The rats and rabbits quaintly feel good.
They're glad, vengeance has sauntered
As imperious snakes that had '*homelessed*' them
are made to cry it out in turn.
The smoke draws out tears
From their tyrant lurid eyes
Compelling them a sinuous groping out
To unknown hearths that may stand out strange.
Strange like the bowels of men.

Season Of Green

Grudgingly, the bright searing rays yield
to a dark gathering cloud.
Conceding the first drops, a trip to thirsty earth.
There's a stir as dust and ashes rise in horror.

With arms outstretched the farmer bows
On the hard handle of his hoe
Straining with tilling and sweating with ploughing the
earth
in a race with the rains.

Gradually the plain earth takes a lumpy phase
As it shapes in beds, paths, ridges and furrows
Also it's heaped in mounts big and small
in readiness for seeds and seedlings.

Then the down pouring grows in strength and gait
as the dark clouds gather above every day
offering the seeds and seedlings enough to drink
nodding an accord for them to sprout in perfect green.

It's green! Green everywhere, green on every farm
The infant maize plant sprouts out green, so does the
yam.
The sprawling bean, sprawls cautiously green.
Groundnuts or peanuts, they broadly smile green.
So do all the plants, so does the entire land
'Green! Season of green', hails the chameleon.

A Bush Fire

Turmoil jostled me from the depths
Back to surface I rubbed my eyes
like a miner freed from earth's bowels.
The shrieks and shouts made me prance.
In a minute I was outside.
Cases edged out through smoky doors.
Suits too were ebbing away on their hangars.
Books leaped and landed into safety
Like noisy frogs surprised in a pool.
My puzzled mind took the hint
As a huge tongue in majesty surged
Towards our bungalows,
like the Manyu on a new course.
I turned and looked at my bungalow
and noticed it was gapping in horror.
Soon it too would be in action
like the fauna and flora were.
Flashes of thoughts like lightening
Invaded my hazy mind.
Finally, I settled for my manuscripts.
As I kept watching in horror
a friendly gale from nowhere came
and changed the course of the deadly flame.

Something From Nothing

My tummy grumbled with a rumbling
A yawn forced its way out and I got the hint.
I looked around and saw around
Nothing.

I frisked all pockets in the wardrobe
No sound nor weight of a miserable coin.
Then the grumbling tummy will simply go on
a rumbling.

I bowed my head and turned pensive
When it, I took up again,
I saw through my window, the slim snaky stems
of yams, snaking on tall stakes.

I pulled down one of the stakes and dug out the root.
Twitching my eyes, I saw pumpkin leaves
I cut them lush and tender, one after one after one
Through and through, I jerked to go

But the ripened fruits of the pepper plant
Beckoned pitifully to me
Even so did those on the tomato plant
My time I took to pick the fruits, one after one after one.

With very thirsty wood I made a fire
that boiled the roots, bowling me a weighty fufu lump
And the fruit plants gains, dishing me a tasty sauce.
Lucky me, winding up with a marvelous dinner
That indeed came, from nothing.

A Costly Regal

The cold dry harmattan has pined thin
The sweat stirring heat is soaring tense
Unconditioned rooms rivaled active ovens
Sending its occupants out on exile.
Misty breeze blew gently from the lagoon
Soothing and cooling the heat-ridden sphere
While the neon's bravely fought the pitch dark night.

The arena for sports innocuously lay flat and wide
unresistingly invaded by the dark.
Perched on a nearby pear tree was a bumptious owl.
Cozily carrying out its eerie hooting.

Of places far and wide, a lad and a lass
Found this arena of sports, the plushest of all
To settle and pamper their burning lust.
The lagoon kept fanning on the misty breeze
As the baby couple sleekly swept into ecstasy.

Unknown to them their ecstasy was the grief
of another mortal:
A reposing snake that had taken on their weight.
The weight dilated with each added beat
Almost shattering its fragile spine.

It widened its transverse mouth and had a loathsome bite.
To signal the lovers, its burden was hard to bear,
It abandoned its fatal venom in the frame of the she,
Shivering and gasping beneath the hissing he

The she jerked in sudden pain and then it dawned on them

They'd been taking liberties with the long crawling one.

Like hemlock fired into an artery of a vibrant being

The venom paused not in tainting, the circulatory stream
shortly ripping vital breath off the chest of the lass.

Wow! The costliest of prices to pay for an evening regal.

‘Able’ Captain Camara

The man behind the indulging camera
Was none other than the ‘able’ Captain Camara
The Camera that shot the abhorrent scenes
With so much craze and craving.
Whitish matter stained with blood
Oozed out of broken skulls like hot, hot gravy.
Ears bled as flying pellets eagerly burst through.
Hearts stood at a standstill
As fiery pellets hit rib bones and pierced them.
The bearers couldn’t stay standing still
And so, they in their numbers fell
Forelimbs desperately dangling as they seemed
to say their byes to the country and to the world
they so much have loved.

More and more shots fell on scenes obscene, the victims:
vulnerable women, being watched by their unable men.
And then more pellets, plucked eyes out of their sockets.
The sockets become fountain pipes
through which blood from the victims poured out.
The camera zoomed, and so pleased was Captain Camara.
Many are, who shall be pleased to see the scenes.
They are, true-to-type – scenes from the dark.
Ah Guinea Conakry, the country of the Toures and
Camaras.
Such a pain, you’ve always lived in pain.
Alas! *On va faire comment?*
Such is the fate of many a sibling from Mama Africa.
Hundreds and thousands, every other day, die of thirst.
The thirst for liberty and for peace.

Reagonophobia

Shrills of fear scurried down spines
When a sliding land assured Reagan
He'd stay within again.

Many thought the globe would crack
Forgetting it pays to flex muscles
Which his people acclaim it's right to do.

Like the sane shepherd he's wont to be
He's apt to comply with the bidding of his flock
Which for him their succour must premier be.

Reagonophobia hence has no cause to alarm
for the septuagenarian's wits still kick
and he's astute about the caprices and whims
that dominate men's lives.

Reagonophobia has no cause?
When the scared minority down south: apartheid
Have their boon from Reagan and his flock?

'tis the globes greatest plague: minors lording majors
Down the catchment of the plague, reagonophobia's
Raging high and the reagonophobic dying numberless.

Why? Reagan can save the world this pest, which root
His name engenders by effacing from lexicons
The nauseating lexeme: apartheid.

His able hands have got a grip of the yam
And of course the able knife that can. Yes it can.

The Monster Down South

There was an awful monster down south
That used to keep in misery, the lives of humans
who numbered in their millions – twenty and four.
Each time it reared its horrible head
Great numbers sank down, into its ugly mouth.

It reared it bastardly once
In the infancy of the glorious nineteen sixties
Six days after the brutish ides of March
and *Sharpevilled* sixty and nine vital souls.

Again it swung into a horror-struck action
On the sixteenth day of the sixth month of the sixth
Year of the nineteen seventies
and *Sowetoed* a mere child: Hector Petersen
signaling death for hundreds and hundreds of others.

Again! And again, it emerged with much mischance
In the pubescence of the dreary eighties
Six days after the brutish ides of March
and brutishly *Langaed* ten and nine virile souls.

Since then it had been blood, blood!
Blood, flowing out of dark skins

It got so much distaste, this monster, so much distaste
For blood that flowed in the veins covered by skin white.
But had poignant and voracious taste
For blood that flowed in the veins covered by skin black.
Hence the bulky burden of the black man!

But I did ask!
Was black blood for free?
Ought not someone stop the monster's spree?

I was told it had tentacles
Like those of the ugly octopus
It was fed from the West
And even from the East
North and South, not left out
I did ask again!
Had those who fed the monster
No strength to withhold their fodder?
So that it starved to death
before its damage swelled in such great depth.

Those millions down south, twenty and four
Tired and battered didn't need such air, so foul.

Alas! Alas! The monster's swooned and it's down with no
limb.

Enfeebled by a De Klerk and a Mandela
Two men who stood tall to ensure easement down south.
And easement there is and the wide world without shame
jubilates.

Africa Welcomes The World

What a dawn? A mighty dawn for Africa!!

Africa that many an ignorant think is only a country

No! It's not a country, it's a continent! Superbly huge.

The only that exported humans like modern economies
export goods.

One of the continents where humans are still
transported in *goods-only* trucks and carriages.

The only continent that created and harboured apartheid.

One among those that produce deadly dictators and carry
out deadly deeds.

The only where hunger, disease indigence and dumping
are rife.

The only whose pristine concepts of God have been
crushed, so bad.

The only whose history is inordinately painful to listen to.

Africa! whose love for music and dance, sports and games
is gigantic

Then of course the only continent blessed with a
Mandela.

And it's dawn today, Africa welcomes the world to the
celebration

of the English game at the centre of which is the *Jabulani*.

Jabulani! The African name for the ball that twenty-two
men of the world will at each time, kick and run after,
giving joy to the billions that make the world alter.

See how today, all roads lead to Johannesburg.

And of course other cities, including Rustenburg.

How all minds steer away from boredom, need and evil.

How all minds stir and gear towards love.

Love for the individuals that play, love for their teams

Love for their nations and love for humanity.

Today, that love radiates from the rainbow nation: South Africa!

Africa! No longer is trusted only with the bad and ugly.

Africa is also trusted with the good and lovely.

Yes! Africa can. Can make the world stir and go into a frenzy

because of much joy, inspiring love and peace.

See how Zuma zooms to shake hands with the entire world.

The Report Card

Excellent in all aspects. Proof of hard work,
and ingenuity. Keep it up!!

You've belied all misgivings

You've made Africa proud

And of course, the entire world.

Other comments:

The jabulani flaw was floored.

The vuvuzela flaw was also floored.

And even the crime flaw was floored.

You can be trusted with anything

Anything, but apartheid.

Lessons Of Madiba's Demise

Black is power ! Again came alive!

in a live celebration of a life.

Mandela's demise brought to life

A redefinition of a black man.

A black man can also stand tall and proud,

making humanity feel good and proud,

and learning lessons of much import from him.

His life told us:

Always bend low to thank your Creator

for what you are and submit to what you are

teaching others to stop faking and be what they are.

Money, which's much in pursuit, should only be incidental.

Use the blessings of power for the edification of humanity.

As you can see, the spill of blood only gets yours spilled.

The rape of fellow man only gets an entire world raped.

We all are just one, nourished by the same red, red blood.

Oke Akombi, 10/12/2013

Money! Money!

It pined down the barter days and then swept them away
Like floods do, green plants that flood the bay.
Good barter days that soared products
as products dealt in products, not these days that cash
addicts.

Money! It's been 'a big bigger brain bother' since
Its trajectory jostled through the commerce
of the universe, making humans stoop for it, bow for it
and even die for it. Others for it trip and slide and sink in
a pit.

Pity! The misery enshrined on faces that go around
without it. White haired and wrinkled raw, haggard
and senile raw, allowing death to sweep them raw.
No qualms, the relay for money is a race to watch with
awe.

The furious race is persistent and run with much
determination.
Some falsely hand their batons. Others, fellow racers trip
their motion
in a bid to vitiate. Some, their tracks, they jump but the
judge a blind eye
turns. At the end of it all, some are tops, others bottoms
but what's the joy?

The joy, the joy, the joy of it all is the fairness displayed.
Money! It's beaten all goals and now assumed
the ultimate goal of eager ambition, for without it,

lots of things stay undone, including the house that stays unbuilt.

Even plants weep, whittle and wither without money.
Without money we may make no friends and drink no beer. Like honey
money soothes the bitterness in our mouths, giving a meaning
to our lives and daily we wish life was such a business unending.

Ah money! Some have it big
Some have it small and some not even a pfennig.
But it's given lots and lots of attention
and products are made with so much pretention.
Love and learning are damned, so are honesty and patriotism.
So that, the joy, the only joy in its quest is apt fairness in the game.

Stakes Of Love

Unlike yam stems that twine and twist
Around firm and stout stakes,
Love twines and twists
Around fake flimsy stakes
that stir and rustle even at
light short sniffs and mostly abound
in purses, wallets, safes and sometimes bras.

Though flimsy and supple
They stoutly stand up to
Cyclones and hurricanes
that stand out as threats
to the twining and twisting stems of love.
They tend and nurture love
to the lusciousness of palm maggots.

Like yam stems creep away
when their stakes are blown aground
so too does love creep away
When aground their stakes are blown
They creep a wild
developing desperate tendrils
desperate to grab new stakes.

Like farmers foray dense forests for their yam stakes
Randy boys foray dense safes and banks for the stakes of
love.

Man's Body's Sacred

Until death has had the last laugh
Man's body's a great work of art.
The symmetrical patterns of the frame can only be divine.
And the strokes and curves of the artist are simply sublime.
Man on their knees should thank the artist
And on their feet should celebrate art.

Not much on earth compares this art so wonderful..
The human body in its abundance of beauty
beauty that's built up to become sacred.
Whether in procreation or in creation
Every single element stands out strikingly proud.
If anyone loves art, the one should celebrate art,
In profound acknowledgement: man's body's in fact
sacred.

The anus in all its beauty discharges waste
Fingers in their charm make man write.
Legs in their grace take man for a walk
Tongue in its comeliness makes man talk
Eyes in their radiance make man see
Ears in their excellence make man hear
Teeth in their brilliance make man bite and chew
The nose in its fairness makes man smell
and palms in their splendour make them feel.
With all this bounty, man on their feet should celebrate
art.
In profound acknowledgement: man's body's in fact
sacred.

But there can be a blemish when gaiety turns into
arrogance

Making man tend to: walk on their head rather than their
legs.

See with their ears rather than their eyes

Smell with their tongue rather than their nose

Bite with their fingers rather than their teeth.

Or shit through their mouth rather than their anus.

Forlorn Sparrow

Up on a topmost twig of an eucalyptus tree
perched a forlorn sparrow
watching the furrows of a vegetable garden
sink under the burden of water.
And then whole fields sank.
Fields that had been laboriously attended to.
Fields that had had many a mouth depend on.
All gone! All gone under the burden of water.

The perching sparrow stirred, flapped its wings
as if to fly off, but it saw it surge,
the dirty brown liquid, turn into furrows and eat up
human homes, as they crumble under its force.
There was desperation, as far as the sparrow
could see. A family uncannily clings on a floating trunk,
hoping for the indulgence of hope
even when all's gone, gone under the burden of water.

It was too much, far too much for the forlorn sparrow
on the twig. It tries to whistle a dirge
but it's drowned in the noise of a strange bird.
It flies just above the family on a floating trunk,
making such a disturbing noise as it swings its wings.
The forlorn sparrow can't stand the noise.
It stretched out, flapped its wings and flew into space
wondering why man that boasts big brain
Should be so vulnerable to the caprices of rain.

Kid Brother Ayukepi

Born in severe seizures that gave birth to fissures
Lived with the fissures begotten by the seizures
And yet he loved life and strode hard to live.
He loved all those he could talk to
He loved all those he could look at
He loved, he loved, all those he could count on
And even those that he couldn't even sit by.
Whether his love was returned, he couldn't care.
All he cared was love, love and love
with a heart as clean and clear as crystal.
Every single kolanut he offered bore a disarming smile.
No qualms, no grudge. No tears: The likes of you are
eternal.

Dark Tuesday, 18th Jan 2011.

Pushed To The Wall

In absolute peace and calm, lived a porcupine
inside a deserted anthill.

The procreation law caught up with her
And she settled to nurture her young.

Sturdy young porcupines, vivacious like palace princes
in their considered castle.

A hunter in his avowed duty was passing by once,
a furtive glance at the castle, he felt the pinch to go ahead.
But his legs dragged him down.

And then his two greyhounds dog trotted by and stood,
their transverse mouths agape with panting.

They looked at his face and saw he was musing
But at what? They couldn't know.

His rolling eyeballs rolled on to the serene castle.

The dogs bounced and went a sniffing,
sniffing at every available opening.

It took them not long a time to know,
life existed within.

Growling and barking then caught the air.

Down, down the castle, the young porcupines
got caught in fright, as the noise to them made no sense.
It thundered on and on and they felt their safety faltering.
So they started out turn by turn.

Armed with a cutlass, a razor at its edge, the hunter
Played the serial killer. The pretty necks of the sturdy
breed

Went down in turns as he kept an acute eye
On the gate that let them out .

None was spared and nineteen of them went down that
day.

What ruin for a generation.

Their mother dear, didn't do as much as budge, until the turbulence

did die down. She looked around in discomfort
and saw she was all by herself. Left alone to grope along
alone.

She knew, never to her will those sturdy kids make a run
again.

She broke down to weep their loss.

Up above the castle, the hunter was far from peaceful

He put twigs together and lit a fire
to fire out that which stayed still within.

Anon, all the rooms were a cloud of smoke.

Smoke that drew out tears from eyes and coughs from
chests.

'cause it was spiced with onions and pepper.

Sneezing, choking and suffocating mother porcupine
gradually groped her way out.

Close to the outlet, it shot out like a bullet from a darn
gun.

Before hounds and hunter knew it, she was gathering
speed far ahead .

The pursuit took off as the flora gave way.

She vamoosed into a hole but behold deep in it
a snake was hissing in its sleep, in all majesty. So out again
she scrambled.

Letting sleeping snakes lie in their perfect ease.

Retracing her trail, out she shot again and the chase at
once ensued.

Pushed to the wall, mother porcupine stood out of
breath,

arched out and took the form of a bow
and then its quills began to fly, flying off like arrows
from the bow of an artful archer.
Abashed, by the twirl of things the chasers lost their
bearing.
They got blinded as the quills hit their targets
Blood oozing out red from six burly eyes.
The barking whirled to a whine, the shouting yielded to
yells.
So it was, greyhounds and hunter hoisted with their
petard.

For Esong I

My succour I obtain by bleeding my pen tense
because all by myself I wrestle your absence.
The bungalow in which I live haunts me hollow
as bedrooms, garage, bath and even kitchen bow
in my presence with emptiness.

Each morning the sighs on my lips unveil
as bleak ideas surge for me to muse upon and avail
myself of my pen , and also her mate- the paper
to process and build, varnish and furnish, to cater
for the minds that care to care.

Then I go to school to build not ideas this time but souls
that gulp down all that I proffer like bustling fowls
would the grains from the hand of a concerned farmer.
I return in the forenoon tired and consumer
conscious for food prepared not by your hand.

And then I slump on a bed in want of sleep.
Poor me, instead of much needed sleep, thoughts start to
slip
into my fretting mind, all bothered on you and my plans
By and by the sun runs low allowing free lance
for the construction of my hazed up fancies.

You may wish to ask if I'm void of friends
to busy my time and let it fly the wilds
leaving none to give a thought to you
and the plans I presage for the future too.
Esong dear, no friends as such: male nor female.

The male are damn bored to listen to me and
my cares. Care not a hoot about what my hand
scribbles. They get stressed, really stressed by the antics
of a literary mind: doctors, engineers, lawyers and
soldiers.

They believe hard in the craft of writers.

I try hard to let them know, the basis of life lies in culture
And this is realized and preserved by literature.
So whether it's a flying man or medicine man, culture's at
the fore.

Their interest thus in literature I strive to make them
ensure.

This they hate to like and so, away they keep from me.

The female I had as friends got scared, their ogling
I tended to ignore. Never having a wish to listen to my
ranting
about this great mind or that, this honoured feat or that.
Rather
they wished me engage in constant prattles, foibles and
flatter
like an ever-go-gay Casanova.

But there's one or two who longed to have my love.
How could I give them unless to cheat my dove.
So all are gone the friends I had. They've got nothing
to gain by palling up with me: no endearing concourse
nor dating.

I'm glad it leaves me with much freedom
to concentrate and contemplate on a blithe future.

Also to give a thought to and scan my album for your
picture
which each time it's looked at my heart a tango dances
and I long for that day which when I think about, my
frame prances
with a loud report of my heart.

Esong, Esong, does that instinct akin to your kind
a rousing future presage for you and the things on my
mind?

For Esong II

Another dawdling day has slovenly yawned into life
seeming to be heavy with boulders, unlike a sprightly wife
who's heavy with an astute baby. I walked to the calendar
to blurt the day gone by and realized it was a Saturday. In
temper

I shook my head as I counted the months that still stayed.

Like the dawdling day, I paused for a yawn thinking,
what's up

for the day. I lumped back to bed and let thoughts pop
up like polluted fish desperate for life. Then I
remembered

the dream. I'd dreamt last night, I from school returned
tired

you from nowhere ran for my case, planting on my
cheeks

a kiss and walked me home, settling me at table
titillating my countenance with sweet soft smiles. Unable
to hide my surprise, I asked, but how? How did it happen
that you're here with me, or am I mistaken
I've been expecting you?

"No time for questions ok, all is set for a sumptuous dish
prepared by a hand that you greatly love and with much
relish

do feed from." Anon, it soared, it soared and towered,
anon.

That was my stormy appetite that had lain
low all the while.

The food was in elegant dishes and china plates.
Unlike the plastics I use for plates. Oh! The Hades
that I've been in. I'm glad you've come to take me
out. I ate like a hungry worm, drank like a fish, my tummy
outgrew its resilience and I was full of food and of course
joy.

For once these five months, I felt more like a man.
True! They say, each a man of success has for a fan
a woman he loves. Ah! My siesta this time, with you by
my side.
My thoughts this time to share with me. My worries, like
a high tide
You swept away.

And then I stammered, I want, I want, I want all of you.
You took it in immediately, I trust your wits. "But it's too
Soon" ran the sweet whisper. "The food needs repose,
your body needs it too . And then you'll be quite fit I
suppose.
I simply nodded in concord.

I slept off awhile, and when I lifted my drowsy eyes
they fell on an exquisite form, garnished by peeping rays
that ran away from the setting sun. I stretched out my left
arm
longing for a touch, but it shrank as if I had meant to
harm.
I tried the right, much better. But each spot touched
melted away.

The nose melted away, an ear I touched melted, and even her hand melted.

My heart sank and I felt very insulted.

Then my right hand found courage to run down the navel,

which in turn melted like clean wax on a glowing piece of charcoal.

Fright ran up to rescue me. It was a dream! But I've been hag-ridden since.

Esong, It's hard, so hard to live in someone else's nation

All the same, I'm glad, so glad for our separation

It sure promises a sweet, honey sweet return.

There's so much healing, soul healing that's firing on really firing on here, in me.

Out and out here, I've come to know, man's one.

The colours of man, the cultures of man and man's languages are all done

done for man's good. They bring about a blend, a superb blend.

There may be hatred, there may be arson and killings but the trend

the moving trend's that these hurtful deeds are narrow paths leading to one.

Esong, Esong, carry no-one as a burden in your heart.
That'll do the good of keeping you free from evil and
hate.

And love in its pure sense will on you descend in depth.
Imagine! Just imagine the joy that'll be on my return. You
and I shall bathe.

Bathe in an enormous bath of love, thanking God for all
the glory.

A Chimpanzee In Tears

What are they up to? These beings called humans!
They hunted me down and got me out of my nature.
Out of my nature, where I'd been nurtured,
nurtured in glee and absolute freedom.
And then they caged me in a place surrounded,
by a forest- a forest of concrete, not of trees.
Here I spend my time in absolute boredom,
grudgingly but silently watching humans slaughter us,
not only for their food but also for their sport.

I've given up my feeble fight to return, back to freedom.
Being only a chimp, one of the doomed in human
kingdom,
there's been no way, I can make way for progress.
I'm only waiting and counting my days.
As I wait and count them – these days,
The sound of jackboots, guns and bombs deafen my ears.
The stench of disruption, corruption, shit and death stuff
my nose.
I tell you, they litter everywhere, shit and die every day.

They detonate themselves amongst themselves.
They're so jealous, they blow up their kin who fly like
birds.
They hideously butcher the ones who think in a way
positive.
They sink vessels that dare to transport their kind to
glory.
They're simply 'murderageous' for want of a better
adjective.

And yet, they shout out, the freedom for which they
labour
is greater than the freedom that we animals harbour.
I'm in tears, not even for us but for them – these humans.

What are they up to? These beings called humans!
They've got all, all it takes to create a paradise. But they
got me caged.
And I remain cruelly caged.
Yet for thanklessness, greed, opportunism and
mercilessness,
they're getting the entire life on earth, and themselves
caged.
In my tears, I see a murky return, a return, back to chaos!

Oke Akombi, Buea, 30th July 2014

Common Enemy

The quarrels keep tumbling in, on and on.
The wars are raging, and raging on and on.
Artillery is grumbling and rumbling.
Grenades and bombs are exploding.
Friends are fighting furiously against foes.
One enemy pounding on another's nest,
emptying mother earth of its content.

There's so much inattention:
- inattention to child welfare.
- inattention to social welfare.
- inattention to moral welfare.
- inattention to animal welfare.
- inattention to environmental welfare.
There's so, so much inattention!

Energy, sweat, brain, brawn and blood
are like a lamb on the altar of warfare.

Suddenly, out of a dark, dark cloud
emerged a mysterious virile enemy.
An enemy common to all who are enemies.
This enemy destroys, mangles and kills,
using no guns, no grenades nor bombs.
Gives not a damn about enmity nor amity.
It simply puts down any life on its path.

Too abrupt to be true; quarrels halted, wars stopped.
Guns, grenades and bombs all dropped.
Enemies turned allies, united to confront the enemy.

They all woke up to the reality of the virile enemy,
the common enemy, beckoning for much attention.
Its origins have been traced, incidentally traced to Africa
and invariably been given an African name – Ebola.

Oke Akombi, Buea, 08/08/14.

To My Brother The Thief

Life's like that. Full of tricks, tricks so difficult to beat.
I keep wondering how my brother's my brother, a brat so
different.
So different from me, his elder brother.
When he was growing up, he would lie, and sting like a
bee.
And wouldn't want anyone else to stay fit and be the one
to be.
He could steal and conceal, stealing like a rat
in a peanut barn. Does nothing but steal and eat.
He's full, so full of tricks that make even angels fall out,
which makes him laugh and brings him so much fall out.
It's been my lifelong wish he weren't my brother!

One dull day he came ranting:
I've done it! I've done it!
Don't you see! Can't anyone see, I've done it!

Done what again? I asked him.

The operation brother, the operation has come through.
And the customer too brother, the customer came along
So I'm smiling, I'm smiling home with three strong
hundred thousand francs worth of clean banknotes.

Operation, operation, what operation?

I operated in the darkest of nights, last night
At a neighbourhood called Sandpit.
Right in the very depth of the pit.

There I broke into a fenced yard
And found the right car saintly parked
Its parts sell like *maïs chaud, maïs chaud*.
First, I demobbed the alarm system
Then I ripped open the boot and then the bonnet.
Systematically I dismembered it of its worth:
Control system, dashboard, wipers, windscreens,
Loudspeakers, side lights, rear mirror, head and back
lamps.
By the time I finished dismembering, the car was a
carcass.
While the meticulous operation proceeded
The *mugos* in the comfort of their rooms slept like logs of
wood.
Some breathing heavily, others snoring sonorously
I picked up everything clinically and squeezed myself
away
unperturbed, not even by a mosquito, nor cockroach
even though it was cold, lonely and rainy.

At exactly ten o'clock, my client was on hand.
Anxious to have his promised goods placed in his hands.
And to me he handed the strong, sleek notes.
Brother, I tell you, life's good, so, so good.

So good indeed, you think. Kid brother, I rather pity you.
Operations worth the name are carried out for common good.
Yours is carried out for common ruin.
Feeling so good on the theft of someone's sweat's an aberration.
What a shame! Imagine me, your brother, as the victim.
Me, your own blood brother, a victim of your nefarious deeds.
How do you think I'd have felt?

How you'd have felt brother? I can't imagine that.
We thieves never think how others feel. We do, we fail.
There's no sentimentality brother, in our deals and deeds.
All we think is success. Success in deeds is what we feel.
Not minding whose cow or horse is gored.

*Pouah – pouah! I wish I could spit on you, kid brother
I would have spat and spat on you for proudly running to me
Priding on:*

I've done it! I've done it!

*An exclamation that should come out of the mouths of those
Those who have achieved noble feats or even those
who have passed exams, have won medals or prizes
I have wished every day you were not my brother
but here you are, telling me about an abhorrent operation.
One that's rattled and would for a long time sadden a family.
And why not? It may cripple an entire community.
For all that brother, you stuff your pockets
With only thirty dirty notes of ten thousand francs.*

*Brother, any operation worth its salt
aims to heal and not to kill humanity*

Tell you what? Once there was the like of you
Who lived his life only on crime.
He one day dared to steal from a home.
The home was four floors off the ground
He got a rope and tied to it a short rod.
He managed to fling it on to the balcony of the home.
A flat on the fourth floor of the house.
The rod got entangled between the balusters.
And so it served as a hook.

With the rope in hand the thief started an upward climb.
Halfway up the climb, the home owner noticed the climb.
He imagined it was an ominous way to gain entrance.
He thus picked up a knife, sharp and clean
and went to the balcony to receive the climber.
So he watched the tedious climb come on and on.

Just before the climber could place his foot
on one of the balusters of the balcony, his host
lifted the sharp knife high and with one giant blow
The rope separated from the rod
Causing a really great fall
which ended down on a concrete surface.
And so badly shattered was a human body and face.

And yet there was this other case.
A fabulous man who lived on cases
was returning home after a dinner out
hoping to rest from the day's woes.
But before he had stepped on his door step
A hoodlum of a thief had stalked him and his wife.
When he noticed the hoodlum, coming at them with a
knife
He knew that was bad news, but he calmly asked:
'What is it you want from us sir?'
'Your money or your life,' the hoodlum answered.
'Not our lives of course, nothing compares with human
life.
'So your money then,' the hoodlum requested.
'of course all of it. Take everything,' man and wife said.
'Everything! Will you grant me an appointment?
For I bet, everything can't be on you.'

‘Well, if you wish to take an appointment,
so we can clear the banks of all that we’ve got as money
and even sell all our property and keep the money for
you.

Provided the life of my wife and my own too
are not squeezed out by your lethal tools.

‘Ah, ah, ah, well said, well spoken, but I’ll be a big, big
fool

If I take you for your words. I thrive on distrust.

So man and woman, I’ll be content with what’s on you
now.

And so now be quick, hands on your heads place. No
procrastination.’

On his head the man placed his hands and let himself be
mugged

while his wife helplessly looked on. In her hand her
precious handbag.

As the mugging went on she knew her turn to be mugged
was on hand.

She looked at her precious bag as if to bid it bye, flung it
at the mugger

but it landed with a thud on the grounds near his feet.

At that point, the mugger’s accomplice who had been
lurking by, ran up

out of the shadows, a brutal knife in hand, held high up.

But luck ran against him as he tripped on the handbag
and went aground violently, his knife flying out of his
hand.

The gun totting man thought he should pay attention to
the precious bag

before the woman developed second thoughts.

As he gave away his attention, the fabulous man saw it as an opportunity.

Like a flash of lightening, he grabbed the hoodlum's gun.

Weakened by this act, the mugger's desire for the precious bag surged.

He rushed towards it but too late the trigger had been pulled.

Before his accomplice got his head cleared, it had been cleared by the gun.

In one, two short steps, two fallen daredevils.

Brother, tell me if life, precious as it is should be risked in crime.

No kid brother I tell you, you had better risk it in things sublime.

Sometimes they, people like you

run into an angry mob, who because of their anger have no qualms

in transforming rejected car tyres into necklaces

placed on their necks to decorate them before they're set ablaze.

They get bloated and roasted like beef on a barbecue.

Brother, remember, the voice of man is the voice of God.

And I tell you, no man has any voice for you but a curse.

Also note that there's no way and nowhere a thief can hide.

If they're not fished out, they fish themselves out.

You thieves are not only hateful but also very deceitful, negative, hurting others and atrociously ungrateful, which can only make you sink into grave ungainliness.

Why? Why brother shouldn't that be?
When your deeds do nothing but stink and sting like a
bee.
If the head is sane, that's above your shoulder,
then now's the time to turn about, in prayer
and thank the many desolate voices that sincerely say:
Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.
Listen to these voices and then tell yourself:
Henceforth, I'll always be **truthful, positive and helping
others.**

When you make an about turn, adopting this as a daily
affirmation
You'll be the kid brother I'd like to have, for the good of
our nation.

Thank you brother, your words have hit me like
lightening,
enlightening me to think , think of Saul who later became
Paul.

An indication, I can turn around and not be different
considering that you and I are one womb's product.
And also that we're wonderful creations of one artist -
God the Artist.

"TO THE READER, WHAT WE HAVE TRIED TO DO ABOVE IS TO GIVE A FORETASTE OF THE SUMPTUOUS BANQUET THE AUTHOR HAS PREPARED FOR US. WE HAVE NOT DONE JUSTICE TO IT REMEMBERING THAT THE TASTE OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING, NO REVIEWS, NO FOREWORDS, NO INTRODUCTIONS OR PREFACES CAN REPLACE YOUR ACTUAL READING AND ENJOYING OF THESE WELL WRITTEN POEMS."

**CHIEF SAMSON. N. ABANGMA, REGISTRAR
/ PROFESSOR OF LINGUISTICS & ENGLISH
LANGUAGE, UNIVERSITY OF BUEA**

God the Artist and Other Poems is a work of art that resonates with the people of Cameroon, Africa and the world. The collection of over seventy poems celebrates humanity and human beauty. At the same time the poems remind humanity of and castigate its shortcomings.

SAMMY OKE AKOMBI is Cameroonian, born in 1958 in Tinto, Manyu Division. He was educated at the University of Lagos, Nigeria and the University of Warwick, U.K. He holds a B.A (Hons) Education M.A in ELT and is a 2004 honorary Fellow in Writing of the University of Iowa, USA. He is currently the Director of the Southwest Regional Linguistic Centre, Buea, Cameroon. He is the author of *The Raped Amulet, The Woman Who Ate Python & Other Stories, Beware the Drives, Grandma's Daughter, Stir it up, the Smile in You*, etc. He recently carried out a countrywide launch of his book *The Wages of Corruption* published in 2009 by Langa, as a contribution to the ongoing fight against corruption in his native Cameroon.



**Langa Research & Publishing
Common Initiative Group
P.O. Box 902 Mankon
Bamenda
North West Region
Cameroon**

ISBN 978-9956-792-55-9

